

Programme

OF THE

LATTER-DAY SAINTS' SOIRÉE,

TO BE HELD

IN THE MUSIC HALL,

BOLD STREET,

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 9th, 1851,

"President of the Conference,
ELDER G. RODGER.

President of the Branch,
ELDER J. CLEMENTS.

THE COMPANY TO BE SEATED AT HALF-PAST 5 O'CLOCK.

Hymn—"The Mountain Standard."

Chorus.

For we're the true horn sons of Zion,
Who with us that can compare,
We're of the root and branch of Joseph,
The bright and glorious morning star.

Lo the Gentile chain is broken ;
Freedom's banner waves on high,
List ye nations ! by this token,
Know that your Redeemer's nigh.
For we're the true born sons, &c.

See on yonder distant mountain,
Zion's standard wide unfurled,
Far above Missouri's fountain,
Lo ! it waves for all the world.
For we're the true born sons, &c.

Freedom, peace, and full salvation,
Are the blessings guaranteed ;
Liberty to every nation,
Every tongue and every creed.
For we're the true born sons, &c.

Come, ye christian, sect, and pagan,
Pope, and protestant, and priest,
For we're the true born sons, &c.

Worshippers of God or Dagon,
Come ye to fair freedom's feast.
For we're the true born sons, &c.

Come, ye sons of doubt and wonder,
Indian, Moslem, Greek, or Jew,
All your shackles burst asunder,
Freedom's banner waves for you.
For we're the true born sons, &c.

Cease to butcher one another,
Join the covenant of peace,
Be to all a friend, a brother,
This will bring the world release.
For we're the true born sons, &c.

Lo ! our King ! the great Messiah,
Prince of Peace, shall come to reign ;
Sound again ye heavenly choir,
Peace on earth, good will to men.
For we're the true born sons, &c.

Prayer by Elder Rodger.

Hymn—"Truth reflects upon our Senses."

Truth reflects upon our senses,
Gospel light reveals to some :
If there still should be offences,
Wo to them by whom they come.

Judge not that you be not judged,
Was the counsel Jesus gave ;
Measure given, large or grudged,
Just the same you must receive.

Jesus says, be meek, and holy,
For 'tis high to be a judge ;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.

It requires a constant labour
All his precepts to obey ;
If I truly love my neighbour,
I am in the narrow way.

Once I said unto another,
In thine eye there is a mote ;
If thou art a friendly brother,
Hold and let me pull it out.

But I could not see it fairly,
For my sight was very dim :
When I came to search more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.

If I love my brother dearer,
And his mote I would erase,
Then the light should shine the clearer,
For the eye's a tender place.

Others I have oft reproved
For an object like a mote ;
Now I wish this beam removed,
Oh ! that tears would wash it out.

Charity and love is healing,
This will give the clearest sight ;
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.

Now I'll take no farther trouble,
Jesu's love is all my theme ;
Little motes are but a bubble,
When I think upon the beam.

Address by Elder F. D. Richards, President of the British Isles.

Refreshments.

Hymn—"Babylon."

The "shepherds" have raised their sweet warning voice,
To flee to the land, oh ! the land of God's choice—
As the prophets of old, they have warned us to flee
To the mountains of Ephraim, where happy we'll be.

Chorus.

Oh ! Babylon, oh ! Babylon, we bid thee farewell,
We are going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell.

Prepare for your journey, ye Saints of the Lord,
Although it is tedious you'll have your reward ;
You've obey'd his commands, and bowed to his will—
Your rest, it remaineth on Mount Zion's hill.

Oh ! Babylon, &c.

Persecution may rage, but these will be free,
While the wrath of Jehovah in Babylon shall be—
Gather out from the wicked ye meek hearted ones,
And fly to the mountains, the place of your homes.

Oh ! Babylon, &c.

The prophets they've killed for the truth of the Lord,
They've scatter'd the Saints and the earth groans with blood—
Repent, oh ye Gentiles, the Word to fulfil,
And be saved with the righteous on Mount Zion's hill.

Oh ! Babylon, &c.

These lines were composed for to sing unto thee,
That the hearts of the Saints might join in with me,
And think of the mountains, the mountains sublime,
Covered over with Saints, milk, honey, and wine.

Oh ! Babylon, &c.

Address by Elder Clements, the President of the Branch.

Hymn and Duet.

Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice,
At what our eyes behold ;
With gladness we lift up our voice—
The stone has from the mountain roll'd :
Its potent power the image feels,
And soon we'll see the monster reel ;
And into dust it will be ground,
And not a vestige shall be found.

The Lord his kingdom doth extend,
And Babal soon must yield ;
And hireling priests must have an end,
And vanquished fly and quit the field :
As snow before the noon-day sun,
Or darkness to the opening day,
Old Babel's course is almost run,
And soon like these must flee away.

The gospel heralds we behold
Sent forth with power and might ;
Arm'd with the Spirit's sword of old,
To darken'd minds diffusing light :
To kingless France and popeless Rome,
The gospel's truths shall be made known ;
Along the coast of Dane and Swede,
Shall swiftly fly with rein deer speed.

Then open up the way, O Lord,
Of these thy faithful few,
That nations when they hear thy word,
May praise thee for thy cov'nant new ;
And list'ning to their warning voice—
Thy kingdom enter by the door ;
And then with us they will rejoice,
And praise the Lord for evermore.

Address by Elder Rodger, President of the Conference.

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6727**Hymn—“The Upper California.”**

The Upper California, O! that's the land for me,
It lies between the mountains and great Pacific Sea :

The Saints can be supported there ;

And taste the sweets of liberty,

In Upper California, O! that's the land for me.

We'll go and lift our standard, we'll go there and be free,
We'll go to California and have our jubilee,

Ah! land that blooms with endless spring,

Ah! land of peace and liberty,

With flocks and herds abode. O! that's the land for me.

We'll burst off all our fetters and break the Gentile yoke :
For long it has beset us, but now it shall be broke ;

No more shall Jacob bow the neck ;

Henceforth we shall be great and free,

In Upper California. O! that's the land for me.

We'll reign, we'll rule and triumph, and God shall be our king.
The plains, the hills and vallies shall with hosannahs ring,

Our towers and temples there shall rise

Along the great Pacific Sea,

In Upper California. O! that's the land for me.

We'll ask our cousin Lemuel to join us heart and hand ;
And spread abroad our curtains throughout fair Zion's land,

Till this is done we'll pitch our tents,

Along the great Pacific Sea ;

In Upper California. O! that's the land for me.

Then join with me my brethren, and let us hasten there,
We'll lift our glorious standard and raise our house of prayer,

We'll call on all the nations round,

To join our standard and be free,

In Upper California. O! that's the land for me.

Address by E. Snow, President of the Danish Mission.

Hymn—“All is well.”

Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labour

But with joy wend your way, [fear,
Tho' hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.

'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell,

All is well, all is well.

Why should we mourn or think our lot is

"Tis not so, all is right; [hard?

Why should we think to earn a great reward
If we now shun the fight?

Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—

All is well, all is well.

We'll find the place which God for us pre-

Far away in the West; [pared,
Where none shall come to hurt nor make
There the Saints will be blest. [afraid,
We'll make the air with music ring,
Shout praises to our God and King;
Above the rest these words we'll tell,

All is well, all is well.

And should we die before our journey's thro'

Happy day all is well:

We then are free from toil, and sorrow too;
With the just we shall dwell;
But if our lives are spared again,
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
Oh, how we'll make this chorus swell,

All is well, all is well.

Address.

Hymn—“Come go with me.”

Come, go with me; come, go with me;

Ye saints of God, come, go with me;

The time has come, we must away

To distant lands, where God shall say;

No longer let us linger here:

The world is doomed to woe and fear;

This Gentile race the priesthood hates!

We have no home within these States,

Let us away, and seek our rest,

Our home's not here, it's in the west.

Come go with me.

We'll go away from this vain world.

With freedom's banners wide unfurled,

To a land of peace and liberty,

Beside the great Pacific sea;

There we will sing in joyful strains,

And shout hosannahs o'er the plains,

Where mobs and strife shall be no more;

Upon the great Pacific shore,

Sweet praises to our God we'll give,

While in our peaceful tents we live.

Come go with me.

Refreshments.

Song—"I'm a Saint," by W. J. Clements.

I'm a Saint, I am a Saint, on the rongh world wide,
 The earth is my home, and my God is my guide!
 Up, up with the trnth, let its power bend the knee :
 I am sent, I am sent, and salvation is free.
 I fear not old priestercraft, its dogmas can't awe :
 I've a chart for to steer ly, that tells me the law,—
 And ne'er as a coward to falsehood I'll kneel,
 While Mormon tells truth, or God's prophets reveal !
 Up, up with the truth, let its power touch the mind,
 And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the selfish behind.
 Up, up with the truth, let its power bend the knee,—
 I am sent ! I am sent ! dying Bab'l'on to thee,
 I am sent ! I am sent ! take this warning and flee.

The arm of the tyrant, fell terror may spread,
 Yet, tho' they oppose us, their strong holds we'll tread,
 What to ns is the scorn of the selfish and vain,
 We have borne it before and we'll bear it again.
 The fire gleaming bolts of oppression may fall,
 And kill off the body, death can't us appal !
 With Heaven above us, and all Hell mad below !
 Thro' the wide field of error, right onward we'll go.
 Come on ! my brave comrades, now's the time you should speak :
 The storm-fiend is ronsed from his long dreamy sleep.
 Our watchword for safety in Zion shall be,
 I am sent ! I am sent ! dying Bab'l'on to thee,—
 I am sent ! I am sent ! take this warning and flee.

Address by Elder Taylor, President of the French Mission.

Hymn—"Go ye Messengers."

Go, ye messengers of glory,
 Run, ye legates of the skies,
 Go and tell the pleasing story,
 That a glorious angel flies,
 Great and mighty,
 With a message from the skies.

Go to every tribe and nation,
 Visit every land and clime,
 Sound to all the proclamation,
 Tell to all the truth sublime,
 That the gospel
 Does in ancient glory shine.

Go ! to all the gospel carry,
 Let the joyful news abound,
 Go ! till every nation hear ye,
 Jew and Gentile hear the sound,
 Let the Gospel
 Echo all the earth around.

Bearing seed of heavenly virtue,
 Scatter it o'er all the earth,
 Go ! Jehovah will support yon,
 Gather all the sheaves of worth,
 Then with Jesus
 Reign with glory on the earth.

Address.

Saints' Prayer.

TUNE—"God save the Queen."

Oh, Lord ! thy people bless ;
 Arm them with holiness :
 Hear us, we pray.
 When troubls bow them down ;
 When friends upon them frown :
 Oh, Lord ! preserve thine own :
 Hear us, we pray.
 When dread diseases are,
 Make them thy special care :
 Thy power display.
 Stretch forth thine arm of love ;
 Let all the faithful prove
 They have a friend above :
 Hear us, we pray.

When crossing o'er the deep,
 Thy flock in safety keep,
 From every harm.
 When winds and waves roll high ;
 When clouds o'erspread the sky,
 Be thou for ever nigh :
 Hear us, we pray.
 When nations wish to war ;
 When men begin to fear,
 Be near them then.
 Bid angels guard their way ;
 Watch o'er them day by day ;
 Nor let their footsteps stray.
 Even so. Amen.

Trio—"Father, Son, and Daughter."

Son—O, gladly I'd go to the land of the west,
And dwell with the people Jehovah has bless'd ;
O, Father, dear Father, why will you not come,
And take us away to the land of our home ?
Home, home, sweet sweet home,
Go with us, dear Father, to Zion, our home.

Daughter—O, yes, dearest Father, why will you not go ?
For God says his Saints unto Zion shall flow ;
Celestial blessings to us he'll impart ;
And we'll dwell with the pure, and the upright in heart.
Home, home, &c., &c.

Father—But, my dearest children, the journey is long ;
Your mother is feeble, and I am not strong ;
And if we should sicken and die on the way,
You would then think with us, it were better to stay.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The place of our childhood, there's no place like home.

Son—But Father, the Lord has revealed his trnht,
And told us to flee from the land of our youth ;—
That judgments ere long will the nations o'erflow :
To escape all these evils we wish you to go.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;
Go with us, dear Father, to Zion, our home.

Daughter—And, Father, I'll help you in this lonely way ;
I'll comfort and watch you, by night and by day ;
And angels will guard you, sustain you and bless,
And God will impart the sweet comfort of peace.
Home, home, &c., &c.

Father, Son } O, yes, then we'll go to the land of our rest ;
and Daughter } For what God ordains must surely be best :
We'll journey to Zion, and trust in the Lord,
And, if faithful, partake in the righteous' reward,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
We will all go together to Zion, our home.

JOHN TAYLOR.

"SPEAK NO ILL."

Nay, speak no ill ; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind :
And oh ! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing this the kinder plan ;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's faults efface :
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base ?

Nay : let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man ;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill : but lenient be
To others' failings as your own,
If you're the first a fault to see
Be not the first to make it known,
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief the span,
Then, oh, the little time we stay
Let's speak of all the best we can.

